

## [A Champion's Welcome](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

Hawke gets to Skyhold, meets a Qunari, and has a slightly awkward conversation about the whole Arishok thing that, to his great surprise, ends in a proposition.

## A Champion's Welcome

### Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

Nobody can resist Hawke.

I started writing this when I was replaying DA2, and cleaned it up/fixed some inaccuracies/stuck an ending on there now that I've made my way to Inquisition.

Many thanks to Icky, who might have initially suggested this happening, or I suggested it to them, some way or another they are responsible for this thing's existence!

Hawke was well aware of the existence of the Inquisitor's mercenary captain (the Qunari one, built like a brick house, reportedly fought with a battleaxe the size of Ferelden) but he hadn't expected the guy to spend a lot of time in Skyhold's tavern.

They didn't seem much for drinking and merrymaking, Qunari.

Varric probably would've warned him where the Qunari hung out, but Hawke had thought it'd be funny if he arrived unannounced and timed how long it took Varric to recognize him in disguise. Given that part of his disguise involved shaving off the beard and given that Varric normally saw his face from a chin-forward angle, he hadn't yet noticed, and probably wouldn't until Hawke actually spoke to him instead of passing him from a distance in a courtyard.

"Relax," said the Qunari, who had a set of horns the Arishok would've been jealous of, if the Arishok wasn't, you know, dead by Hawke's hand. He also had just asked if Hawke *knew* he'd stolen his seat, and Hawke had probably blanched. "I'm not offended, just messing with you, trust me."

“I will,” Hawke said, turning his cup in his hands. “Trust you, that is. You have a very trustworthy air about you.”

No Qunari had yet come after Hawke for killing their leader, reportedly because the Arishok had acted without sanction, but that didn't mean they *liked* the idea of the Champion of Kirkwall stealing glory after killing their Arishok. He'd met more than a few that took offense. Usually, they drew weapons soon after realizing who he was. Normally, this was alright, but Hawke didn't have any backup, and this guy was, again, massive.

“Buy you a drink?” Not the question he expected to come from any Qunari. He'd only ever seen one of them in the Hanged Man, a mercenary who stood by solemnly and never approached the bar.

It made him wildly curious. Enough to find himself saying, “sure, why not?”

The Qunari cheerfully clapped him on the shoulder (with force that would've tipped over a lesser man) and went to the bar. While he had a chat with the proprietor, Hawke surveyed the room at large. The Inquisition had grown enough to include a decent-sized crowd in its tavern. Plenty of folk around, plus Hawke was an important enough asset that someone beholden to the Inquisitor would think twice before outright attacking.

Though one could never tell with Qunari. Duty often came far before logic. Or they worked by a logic that made no logical sense, which had always been the trouble with Tallis.

“Here we are,” the Qunari said, setting two mugs of ale (probably ale) on the table Hawke had commandeered when he entered. He sat back down next to Hawke, stretching out one leg, which was braced at the knee with a complicated contraption.

“Thanks,” Hawke said, pushing aside his empty cup.

“Never fully introduced myself, by the way. I'm the Iron Bull.” What a fucking name. At least if this Iron Bull murdered Hawke, he'd have an incredible obituary.

“I’m Garrett,” Hawke thought of himself as Hawke, not Garrett, but his surname had gotten a little too recognizable lately. “Pleasure to meet you, Iron Bull.”

“*The Iron Bull*. The article is important. ‘Bull’ is fine, too. Or, ‘hey you with the massive rack’.”

Pity Isabela wasn’t around. She’d make a brilliant joke just there. Hawke just gave a good-natured chuckle.

“So, where do you come from?” *The Iron Bull* asked him. “I make it a point to get to know new faces.”

“Ferelden, born and raised in Lothering,” Hawke said, which normally made people stop asking, because nobody wanted to hear about a Ferelden farm town.

The Bull nodded, looking away from Hawke for a moment, head cocked as if he was searching his memory. “That part of Ferelden got hit pretty bad by darkspawn, didn’t it?”

Key word: *normally* . “It did, indeed. I managed to escape to the Free Marches.”

“Kirkwall?”

Hawke breathed slow, taking another sip of his ale to give himself time to think of a response. Plenty of folk went from Ferelden to Kirkwall. “Yes, Kirkwall. I had family there.”

The Bull gave him an absolutely delighted grin. “You ever hear about the Champion of Kirkwall? Single-combat against a Qunari Arishok in the middle of the city keep?”

Oh, had he ever. “I’ve heard of it, yes.”

“I was on the road with my boys when I heard about that.” The Bull set down his tankard with a tap. “I would’ve given my left horn to go see that fight.”

Hawke had to go retrieve his stomach from somewhere in the basement of the tavern, but then he actually absorbed what the Bull was saying. "You... wanted to see it?"

"Hell yes." He thumped one enormous fist on the table. "A human taking on an Arishok in single combat? And *winning*? He must have been good. 'Course, all the rest of it was a mess, but it must've been to someone *incredible*. Champion, indeed. Bad. Ass."

"Oh."

"Word has it, he's been around these parts." Bull lifted his mug to his lips and gave Hawke a look over the rim that might have been a wink, if the man had two eyes. "What was that guy's name, again?"

Huh.

"Garrett," Hawke said. "Garrett Hawke."

— — —

A,

*I have been at Skyhold for the course of a day now, and Varric didn't realize I'd arrived until the Inquisitor brought everyone in for dinner. He didn't let go of me for a solid quarter hour. Nice place, Skyhold, though it's a bit too drafty. It all feels very permanent, which worries me more than I'd have expected. I'll give you the rest of my thoughts on the Inquisition when next we meet in person.*

*On an alternate note, I had the pleasure of meeting the biggest fucking Qunari I have ever seen in my life. He's actually quite agreeable, and apparently a big fan of the Champion of Kirkwall. And he bought me a drink. Thoughts?*

*I know you haven't time to write more than the briefest of messages, but know that I miss you, and I love you, and I miss you.*

Yours,

Garrett

— — —

Garrett,

*Pleased to hear you made it safely to Skyhold. I am well, as well as can be under the circumstances.*

*With regards to the big fucking Qunari: yes. Do this for us.*

*All my love,*

*Adrian Hawke*

1. *S. Thoughts on my new moniker?*

— — —

Hawke traced his fingers over the signature, a little shaky, as if the writer was unused to signing that name. Anders was a romantic where it counted. Justice even more so, which meant it was possible the pseudonym was his idea.

He tucked the letter back into his pocket.

He'd been with the Inquisition for a time now, and had become used to the daily ebb and flow. It meant he knew that the upper floors of the tavern were less busy, and better for covert letter reading. He and Anders wrote without detail or in coded messages, but he'd rather not have anybody peeking over his shoulder.

His corner table was positioned so that he could see anybody coming up the stairs, which meant he saw the Bull's horns before he saw the man himself making his way up, two drinks in hand, headed in Hawke's direction.

"I thought *I* owed *you* the drink this time," Hawke said.

“You can get the next round.” Bull set them down between the two of them. “My boys are downstairs, but they’re getting a little rowdy. Word had it you were up here.”

“Word had it correctly, then.” Hawke took the proffered drink. Wine, this time, dark red and dry in the mouth. “What has you asking after me, though?”

“I’d like to offer a trade,” Bull said. “A story for a story, until we run out of things to tell or we drink ourselves under the table.”

“I’ll bite,” Hawke said. The wine here was so much better than in the Hanged Man. Like it was actually wine and not mostly vinegar. “But the latter is more likely, I’ll not run out of stories to tell.”

“I assumed as much, Champion.” Bull used the title with particular relish.

“Are we dropping the facade that you don’t know who I am?”

“Easier done that way,” Bull said. Once again, he stretched out his leg. Sitting corner-to-corner with Hawke, it meant Hawke had to either put his legs over Bull’s shin or tuck them awkwardly to the side, so he went with the former. “Sides, I heard Varric accidentally call you ‘Hawke’ earlier, so there’s no pretending you’re not who everybody suspects you are. Seeker Pentaghast is pissed.”

Dammit, Varric.

Hawke tipped his mug in Bull’s direction, acknowledging his best friend’s blunder, and, after they’d had time to make it through enough of the glass to loosen their tongues, they began to exchange stories.

They were on their third round of tall tales (“all my tales are tall tales, have you seen me?” said the Bull) when they finished their drinks, and Hawke, true to his word, bought the next round.

Bull was truly an entertaining fellow, he told Hawke about the backstories of a number of his crewmen and Hawke had exchanged the stories of his

own inner circle. Bull had met a Dalish archer whose bow shone suspiciously green during fights, been accidentally stabbed by a guy and then sewn up by him in the same night and offered him a physician's job, and had gotten the bottom parts of two fingers cut off by a half-feral elf and then *hired* her. All he said of the matter was, "thank fuck we found Stitches *first*."

Hawke told him about Fenris' spectacular, heart-crushing entrance into his life, Isabela's introduction by way of a bar fight, Varric's daring rescue of Hawke's coin purse like some kind of romance-novel hero, in a way that Hawke to this day believed was a setup.

When two more rounds had been bought, Hawke finally softened up enough to tell him about the people they lost on the way to Kirkwall. Bull softened up enough to tell him about his missing eye and the Tevene defector he'd rescued and then made his lieutenant and right hand man. "Except he's my left-hand man." He tapped one finger against the eye patch. "Because that's the side I'm blind on."

Hawke noted that Bull had, as with the last time they sat together, positioned him to his right.

The girl who was keeping the bar clearly knew the Bull, because she appeared with fresh drinks without them even asking. Bull thanked her by name and flicked a coin directly onto her tray. She cuffed him on the shoulder for making her try to catch it, and he only laughed.

Hawke was pretty sure it'd been his round to get, but she was walking the other way, and it looked like she was talking to somebody holed up in the other corner.

"You got a lady back home?" Bull asked, taking his gaze for something it wasn't.

Still, though. "Gentleman," he corrected. "Gentle *men*, actually." Best not leave Justice out, even if Bull's clear aversion to demons meant more details wouldn't be welcome. People who were that leery of magic didn't normally distinguish between demons and spirits.



“A man of *taste!*” Bull laughed. “Damn, you wouldn’t believe how many Fereldens limit themselves to one person. ‘S not like that in Seheron. Or Antiva, and usually not in Rivain.”

“I’ll never love anybody like I do Anders,” Hawke said, flushed and over-affectionate after three drinks...four? “But I will *fuck* somebody like I do Anders, from time to time.”

“Will you, now?” the Bull didn’t sound half as intoxicated, but he’d been pacing his drinking to Hawke’s, and although Hawke was a big man with a seriously formidable tolerance, Bull was bigger by half.

“If he’s handsome enough. Maybe buys me a few drinks, puts his hand on my thigh under a table in a tavern,” Hawke said.

Bull caught on quick and his palm was warm.

“What’s a guy gotta do after that?” he asked.

“Depends.”

“On?”

“How willing he is to kiss somebody in a public tavern.”

Bull laughed, shaking his head. “That’s easy, birdie. C’mere.”

Hawke had to stretch up and Bull had to lean down, and Hawke clung to his neck and shoulders to keep himself steady. He tasted like wine, sweet and sharp, and he didn’t leave it at a quick press of lips. It became too intimate for a public setting, but Hawke was no stranger to public affection so affectionate it became uncomfortable for everybody else. Hell, he sat on Varric’s lap so often nobody even saved him a seat anymore.

Hawke’s hands traveled over his jaw and his cheeks and hesitated at his ears, which flicked like an annoyed cat’s when he hovered near them. “The horns?” he asked, pulling away for the briefest second to do so.

“Touch ‘em if you want. Hold onto them, but don’t pull me around by them. Now come here. We’ve been talking too long.”

Hawke agreed with this estimation.

After a long moment of indulging in one another and a pointed grumble of, “*oh, Maker,*” from someone coming up the steps and catching them at it, Hawke leaned back, slowly dragging his thumb across his lower lip, relishing in the just-kissed softness of it.

It was a pity the Herald's Rest wasn't better-located—and by that, Hawke meant wedged between two dark alleyways like the Hanged Man, where there was enough room to press a guy against a wall and kiss him, drop to your knees and...

Yeah, Anders had liked that one.

Instead, it was surrounded by an open field, with a sparring ring directly out front, which was fun, but populated. No surreptitious sex to be had.

"I have a room," Hawke said, "it's halfway across the keep, but I have one."

"Nah," Bull replied. "I've got a room, too, and it's right up those stairs."

"Is it? How convenient," Hawke said.

"Bit early to go to bed, though, isn't it?" Bull's hand was feeling further and further up Hawke's thigh.

"Sure. Yeah. It is." Hawke sank into the touch, so Bull was more feeling his crotch than his thigh. "But I'm so fucking *wet*—"

Bull leaned over and kissed him again, pushing his thighs wider and palming him through his clothes. Hawke groaned, rocking into it, so enveloped in the moment that he didn't hear the polite clearing of a throat behind them.

He *did* hear the much *less* polite, "Fucking *clear out*, Chief, you're being so stupid horny Flissa's got me playing bouncer again."

"Hey, you can't blame me for being—"

"No. Don't even. Take your man upstairs and come back down for a round of Diamondback after, Maker's *sake*."

Hawke, for his part, was enjoying this little exchange, although no part of his desire had been tempered.

"He's slayed a dragon, Krem," Bull said. So *this* was Krem. "And a wyvern. And two magisters."

That last one made Krem's brows raise. "Shit, I might have to sleep with him, myself."

"I wouldn't say no," Hawke said.

He was going to write *such* a naughty letter to Anders after this.

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"The Inquisition," Hawke said later on, with the Herald of Andraste standing before him in all her Inquisitorial glory, "has been very hospitable, I must say."

The Inquisitor, who seemed to know every damn thing that happened around here, said, "I hear it has, Champion."

### **Author's Note:**

If you want to see whatever Dragon Age Nonsense I'm doing, visit my tumblr [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to experience me being a nerd about classics, visit me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to see all that but horny, I invite you to my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut](#)